

The Middlebury People's Press.

In this Paper are published the Public Orders, Resolutions, Laws, Public Treaties, Bankrupt Notices Etc. of the United States, By Authority.

H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

For the People's Press.

THE COMET.

Hail and splendor of the sky!
What tidings from immensity!
On trons of high import art sent
From him the Great Omnipotent!
What is thine errand! what art thou?
Does terror clothe thy flashing brow!
While from thy feathery train afar
Thou scatterest pestilence and war!
Blighting the nations with thy breath
Pregiving famine, plague and death!
Or dost thy peaceful path pursue?
To thine allegiance faithful true?

Mysterious visitant! oh say,
Art thou the creature of a day?
Glowing with phosphorescent fire,
Full soon in darkness to expire,
Like some bright beacon blazing high,
To flare aloft, and smoulder and die?
Or, driven from this orbit cast,
Like autumn's leaf before the blast,
Kicking for aye in search of rest,
Like unshod glider, unsharpened, unblest?
Do thy eccentric periods chime
The footsteps of revolving time?
Or markest, in thy majesty,
The cycles of eternity?

Where wast thou when this beauteous earth
Received its fair, and primal birth?
When morning stars broke forth in song,
Didst sing amid that glorious throng?
Exulting in thy Maker's praise,
The holy One of ancient days.

Celestial ranger from afar!
Rolling on high thy fiery car!
While traversing the wide abyss,
Hast seen another world like this?
By the Creator's hand so blest,
So fallen, faithless, to its trust,
So wast a theatre of grace,
Throughout the realms of boundless space?

Unwearied wand'rer! in thy haste
Through the limitless waste,
O hast thou never seen afar?
Some bright, peculiar, glorious star?
The radiant mansions of the blest,
Where weary ones at last may rest;
Where uncreated glory shone,
Around the great Eternally throne!

Where Christ our mediator stood,
And Lamb his sceptre bled with blood?
The Lamb, from the foundation slain,
Who trod the wine-press all alone,
Where saint and seraph, joined to raise,
One long—loud anthem to his praise,
Mingling the high and holy strain,
With Alleluia, praise amen.

Though still my wayward fancy broods
On those aerial solitudes,
I ask not if thou knowest where
Lie the dark realms of long despair,
Oh! where I seek to know,
More of the dread abodes of woe!
And all in vain, to ask of thee,
The secrets of eternity;
A fellow servant thou of mine;
To trace thy destined path is thine.
'Tis mine to bow to his will,
Who bids his creatures, "peace be still!"

The Christmas Eve.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

It was Christmas Eve, and Chestnut Street was thronged as usual with a bright array of happy faces. The gray haired man, and his laughing grand children, the gay belle and the servant girl, the aristocratic and the humble,—all were there. It was a most singular and animated scene to the eye of a stranger; the brilliancy of illuminated stores with their holiday suit of evergreens, the many pretty temptations which every window presented to those who were selecting their Christmas gifts, and that dense mass of human beings who were slowly passing from window to window, examining every curious toy, every decorated cake, and every article of taste or fancy which had been placed therein. It seemed as if every individual in the crowded street was content for the time to throw aside the seriousness of ripper years, and be a child again. Here an illuminated hall told of the merry dance, and there of fancy fairs for the building of one church, or the paying for another. Now and then the slow moving throng were impeded by another throng as dense as around the doors of a theatre, or by the rattling cabs and omnibuses which blocked the crossings. Many a heavy heart grew light, and many a heavy purse grew lighter, amid the purchases of that evening. Gifts there were for parents, sisters, brothers, and friends, and there too were toys for the little ones who were fast asleep at home, with their stockings hung in the chimney awaiting the visit of *Kris Kringle*. Many a young dreamer that night saw their welcome visitor descend the chimney with his wallet of toys, and many a listening ear heard "the tramping" of tiny steeds "upon the roof." It might have passed for a dream, however, had not the well filled stockings in the morning borne witness that *Kris Kringle* had been there.

Now turn we to a dimly-lighted room in the third story of a dingy looking brick house in George Street. It is small in dimensions, but the bed which stands in one corner, and the small cook stove which occupies the middle of the room, show that it is at once both chamber and kitchen. But the room is not destitute of comfort, for a coarse rug carpet covers the floor, and the small pine table which stands near the stove, is covered with a neat white cloth, on which is spread the evening meal. It is simple enough to suit the abstemious taste, but I cannot pity the partakers, for there is a loaf of nice light bread, a slice of real Philadelphia-looking butter, and a pitcher of the delicious Schuylkill water. There are no curtains to the window, but the close shutters make the room look so warm and home-like, that we almost forget the deficiency. By the table sits an aged female reading from a well-worn copy of the Scriptures, while by her side, a young girl is diligently sewing. The one small candle which burns thereon, suffices for them both, and happier are they than many who sit lustily by their astral lights, or move where the brilliant camphene but showeth a countenance beaming with the excitement of artificial pleasure.

They are waiting for some one who is to share their frugal repast, for the table is laid as for three. The old lady hath laid aside the holy book, for it is printed in small type, and her eyes are weary, but the calm smile which resteth upon her lip, showeth that her spirit still abideth with her. She hath never been rich in worldly goods, for in poverty was she born, in poverty hath she lived near three-score and ten years, and in all human probability in poverty she will depart. But she hath treasures many and priceless, laid up where moth and rust corrupt not, and she feels that she is richer in her poverty than many of earth's votaries in their wealth. Yet sorrow hath oft-times visited her spirit, and she hath bowed in agony beneath the weight of affliction. She was a widow in early life, yea, a poor and friendless widow, and though the bitterness of desolation was in her heart, as she bowed over the death-couch of the loved, and saw the light go out upon the shrine whereon her earthly hopes and affections had been laid, yet for her child's sake, she still struggled on. She pressed her last kiss upon the cold lips of the dead, she expended her scanty means to procure a decent burial, and then with a woman's all trusting, all loving earnestness of heart, she turned unto the living. She wore no mourning weeds, but the veil and the mantle of mourning had fallen upon her spirit, and through the forty long years of her widowhood, she cherished the memory her early love.

She was an excellent seamstress, and by the most unceasing exertion, she procured a subsistence for herself and the fair child who had been spared unto her, and more delicately was it nurtured than many a child of rank and wealth. The voice of reproof was never heard in her humble abode. When the fire burned brightly upon her hearth, and the frugal meal was spread up on her board, she blessed God in the fullness of her heart, and murmured not that days and nights of wasting toil were necessary to procure them, and when employment failed, and that board was no longer spread for lack of food, and the fire waned dim for lack of fuel, she gave her last piece unto her child, and pressed it closer to her heart for warmth, yet the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," arose no less trustfully.

Year followed year, and as the cheery laugh of the little Alice was heard in the widow's dwelling, and her tiny fingers learned to share her toil, the mother's smile was less frequently dimmed by tears, and her heart seemed to have lost a shade of its holy sadness. A blessing ever seemed to follow that sweet child. Her happy song rang out all day long as she sat at her needle-work, and she would awaken in the starry night with the half-murmured fragment of some favorite air upon her lips. Life was all bright to her, for all things reflected the light of

her own joyous spirit. It was no marvel that the lonely widow should almost idolize the child as she grew in loveliness by her side. As time flew by, and the fair child became the graceful maiden, the mother's love grew deeper in its intensity until it seemed to constitute her very being. All light, all hope, all joy, seemed centred in that one only thought, and when she knelt in prayer, it was but to return thanks for that one blessing. She was still her own, still the same loving, gentle being who had nestled in her arms in infancy; and the widow felt that amid all her trials she had been kindly dealt with. And when she gave her only treasure unto one she deemed worthy of her, and made her home with them, she felt that an home of rest had indeed arrived. During ten years her cup was filled with peace. She was no longer lonely, for the new name of "grand-mamma," was hers, and the little prattlers who clustered around her, left no room in her heart for solitude.

The summer of 1838 arrived, and that fearful scourge of the human race, the Cholera, ravaged the city, filling nearly every home with mourning. Alice was one of its earliest victims. Mercifully was she taken from a most fearful trial, for the morrow's sun looked upon the lifeless corpse of her husband; and ere a week had passed, three of her children had gone to rest with her. Mysterious are the dispensations of Providence! That aged one was spared amid this desolation to perform the last offices of love for those unto whom she had looked to smooth her own death-pillow. She laid them by the side of her husband, and gladly would the wearied one have sought a rest with them, but she had now a new duty to perform in life. There were still two young, helpless beings dependant upon her care, and she still struggled on. Mary, the eldest, was a lovely girl of nine years, and had she not been already her grandmother's pet, her likeness to her mother would have endeared her amid this bereavement. Edwin was a little lisping curly-haired child of three, and his continual entreaty, "Gammie, do let mummy come home," was almost agony unto her soul. His mother had indeed gone home, home to her Saviour, home to her God. Again was the aged widow compelled to encounter the trials of the world alone. Yet she bowed not in desolation as when the angel of sorrow first came to trouble the waters of love in her young heart. It seemed as though she had gained a strength and firmness of mind, which had never before been hers. The mourner of three score was to watch over and to cherish the child of three. Well did she strengthen herself for the task. She would live to be their guide and protector. She would be father, mother, friend, all unto them, for they were the children of the loved who were with God. Mary was old enough to aid her in taking care of Edwin, and with the aid of the little which had been left at their father's death, she contrived to earn a scanty livelihood by coarse sewing, knitting, and at her equally humble employments.

A kind lady who lived near, offered to give the children some instruction during her hours of leisure, and a sad trouble was thus taken from her heart, the fear that they must grow up almost in ignorance. As Mary advanced in years her resemblance to her mother grew more perfect she wanted but the same merry smile, to almost persuade her grand-mother that she had won her own dear Alice back. But there was ever something in the calm seriousness of her countenance and the subdued softness of her tone, which told of the severe trial through which her young spirit had passed. Perhaps it was fortunate that the little Edwin had been too young to know the extent of his loss, for his buoyant and happy temperament were often necessary to give cheerfulness to their dwelling. He is now a manly lad of thirteen, and his intelligence and activity have procured him a place in a store which enables him to share with his sister in relieving their grand-mother's labors. It must be him whom they are expecting this evening, and for whom their supper is waiting.

He has just entered, and the large packet which he holds in his hand tells the reason of his delay. "Grand-mother, I have brought you a new Bible, you know yours is so worn and the print so small, you can hardly read it." Her age-dimmed eyes are still more dimmed by tears as she takes the gift, for she feels that God hath given her rich blessing amid her poverty, in those loving beings who have been spared to soothe her declining years. The lad turneth now to his sister, and his arms are entwined around her as he whispers, "Mary, I had only money to purchase the Bible, I have brought you nothing but love." The maiden answereth not, but the unwonted smile which lighteth up her pale countenance, contrasting so strangely with that sudden tear, tell us that to her a brother's love is the most welcome Christmas gift.

Philadelpia.

THE PRINTER.

"I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby. "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim. "How so?" said my uncle. "Because in the first place, (continued the Corporal, looking full upon my uncle) because he must endeavor to please every body. In the negligence of the moment perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted—and he is ruined to all intents and purposes." Too much the case, Trim, said my uncle with a deep sigh, "too much—the case." "An please your honor," continued Trim evaluating his voice, and striking into an exploring attitude, "an please your honor, this is not the whole." "Go on, Trim," said my uncle, feelingly. "The printer some times (pursued the Corporal) hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but, alas, sir, who can calculate the human mind! He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They forgive others, but they can't forgive

a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims 'why don't you give us more poetry, marriages and bon mots' away with these stale pieces! The politician claps his specs on his nose, and runs it over for a violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring them good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is subscriber, and yet after all this complaining, would you believe it sir, (said the honest Corporal, clapping his hands most beseechingly) would you believe it sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that!" "Never!" said my Uncle Toby emphatically.

MILLER'S PROPHECY FULFILLED.—A person proclaiming himself to be the Messiah, and now making his second appearance among men, was brought to this institution a few days since, bound hand and foot, and accompanied by three stout Pharisae looking fellows. As a proof of his authority he mentions that during his first advent the people said—"He hath a devil, and is mad," and now they say the same, and have put him in an insane asylum. He declares Miller to be correct in predicting his second coming at this time, but that he is incorrect in predicting the destruction of the world by fire at present. He proclaims that he is going to judge all according to the deeds done in the body, and will take the saints with him into glory; but leave the rest to their own destruction. It must be some consolation to him to be surrounded by so many of his followers, for fourteen were already here, having been so persecuted by their friends as to be placed in a lunatic asylum under the pretence of insanity.

AN EXTRACT.
From the Rev. Mr. Bronson's lectures on prophecy, lately delivered at Clintonville and Ausable Forks.

Mr. William Miller has made two predictions. The one was to have been fulfilled in A. D. 1839, the other is to be fulfilled in A. D. 1843. The first has been a signal failure, and this gives strong reason for believing that the last will be such also. There is a work published which is entitled, "Evidences from the scripture and history of the second coming of Christ about the year 1843; exhibited in a course of lectures by William Miller; printed at Troy N. Y., A. D. 1838." In this book, commenting on a part of the 1st verse of 12th chapter of Daniel, "And there shall be a time of trouble, such as there never was since there was a nation, even to that same time." Mr. Miller says, "This day of trouble yet is in futurity, but is hanging as it were over our heads, ready to break upon us in ten-fold vengeance, when the Angel of the gospel who is now flying thro' the midst of heaven shall seal the last child of God in their foreheads."

Mankind will for a short season give loose to all the corrupt passions of the human heart. No laws, human or divine, will be regarded; all authority will be trampled under foot; anarchy will be the order of government, and confusion fill the world with horror and despair. Murder, treason and crime will be common law, and division and disunion the only bond of fellowship. Christians will be persecuted unto death, and dens and caves of the earth will be their retreat. All things which are not eternal will be shaken. And this if I am right in my calculations, will be accomplished before A. D. 1839." (p. 105-206.) Here Mr. Miller has given us a test by which to try the correctness of his calculations. He says that if he is right in his calculations, the dreadful events which enumerate above will take place A. D. 1839. He published this in the year A. D. 1838. But was there in the year 1839, a time of trouble such as there never was since there was a nation, even to that same time. Were Christians in the year 1839, persecuted unto death; and were dens and caves of the earth their retreat? Did confusion fill the world with horror and despair; and were murder treason and crime the common law? Was the last child of God sealed in their foreheads in 1839, so that there has not been a single conversion since that year? Thanks to a merciful providence, we have passed peaceably thro' that year, and witnessed no such horrid things as Miller predicted would occur in it. By his own showing, then, his calculations are false, and as an honest man he ought publicly to acknowledge his error. But notwithstanding this, he perseveres in declaring that the world will be destroyed by a general conflagration in 1843. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Should you and William Miller live to see the 21st of March 1844, you will find him saying that he has calculated the end of the world a little too soon, but that it cannot be far off, and endeavoring to keep up a public excitement on the subject as long as it is possible. "Remember that I have told you before!"

JUDICIAL BLINDNESS.—Never was a man so egregiously deceived as President Tyler. It seems, indeed, as though he was afflicted with judicial blindness. We learn from Washington that Samuel W. Downer has been removed from the post-office in Norwich, Connecticut, Enoch C. Chapman appointed in his place. Now it is a fact, that Mr. Downer has been the ablest and truest friend of President Tyler, in Norwich, and Mr. Chapman is a regular, through-going Van Buren man. This is truly punishing friends and rewarding enemies. The charge against Mr. Downer, we understand, was, that he had the audacity to attend a Whig meeting, at which Senator Huntington was reported to have reported to have abused the president. It happens not to be true that Mr. D. was at the

meeting at all. But no matter. Without waiting to ascertain the facts, the supposed delinquent was made forthwith to walk the plank. The new commission passed thro' this city yesterday.—N. Y. Com. Ads.

PEOPLES PRESS.

Middlebury, April 26, 1843.

PROFESSOR ESPY'S CIRCULAR.

We give below the Circular of Prof. Esby, inviting the transmission to himself, at Washington, of observations respecting the weather, &c. But we preface it by a remark or two of our own. It has been generally noticed by reflecting men, as a most auspicious circumstance, that a disposition has become manifest, at the seat of government of the United States, to foster certain branches of knowledge and science which have hitherto been neglected, notwithstanding their connection, direct or indirect, with not only some of the grand and fundamental interests, but with almost every interest of the Union. This favorable disposition has been manifested, for example (although this is of a character different from those which we have principally in view) by the valuable labors of the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth; the results of which are too well known to need specifying here. An example more to our present purpose exists in the recent undertakings in the department of Astronomical Science,—the perfection of which is well known to be intimately connected with the safety of navigation and the prosperous conduct of voyages.

An example of the same, equally noticeable and auspicious, is found in the measures lately adopted for the determination of the great problem of the weather,—a problem in which every man has an interest who has any thing at stake on the Earth's surface, by land or by sea. Every man knows how indispensable is a knowledge of the seasons,—how invaluable are even those general and uncertain intimations which we now gather from the winds and skies, of approaching changes of temperature, of drought and moisture. What then would be the value to us (especially to our farmers) of a science which should give the means of looking much farther into the future, with a new clearness of perception respecting what winds, rains, suns, &c., we are about to experience? But a science like this can only be established by extended and varied observations. How plain, then is it, that measures for the encouragement, the collection and the comparison of observations on the weather are eminently worthy of the National Executive,—indeed that nothing of a civil nature, can more contribute to the glory of an administration,—inasmuch as nothing is more truly connected with the welfare of a people.

It is with reference to the prosecution of this practical branch of knowledge that Professor Esby's services have been secured at Washington. The selection is as happy as the labors are important. Such branches can only be prosecuted, with full success, by men of intellectual enterprise and skill—of assiduity and a devotedness to science, for its own elevation and practical value.—One of its first fruits, it may be hoped, will be a knowledge of the facts, respecting storms,—on which subject Mr. Esby, it is well known, has already prepared a theory, which has commanded attention and drawn out able discussion on the part of eminent philosophers.

These things are mentioned to draw attention to the objects of Professor Esby's circular. These objects are the more deserving of attention, in the way of compliance with the request of the circular, that the work of observation is made easy,—as the circular itself will show,—by the mode which has been adopted. How many persons of sound acquisitions and active minds would find the making of these observations a recreation and amusement, prosecuted at the same time, with the feeling that their amusement, in this case, was promoting a valuable science. We delay no longer to give Prof. Esby's circular,—we may, however, be allowed to remark, that there is not probably a newspaper in Vermont that would not promote the satisfaction of its readers, as well as the extension of useful information and ideas, by giving it a place in their pages.

"TO THE FRIENDS OF SCIENCE."

"Last summer I announced to my correspondents, and the public generally, that a 'form for keeping Meteorological journals' would be prepared and sent to all those in the United States, Bermuda, West Indies, the Azores, and the Canadas, who should signify a willingness to co-operate with me in my endeavors to find out all the phases of storms which occur within the range of the wide-spread simultaneous observations about to be established.

I have to announce now that the 'form' is completed, and arrangements are made to strike off a sufficient number to supply all who shall express a wish to aid in this most important undertaking. It is my intention to lay down, on skeleton maps of the United States, by appropriate symbols, all the most important phases of the great storms which come within the range of our simultaneous observations; and thus it is hoped that we shall be able to determine the shape and size of all storms, whether they are round or oblong; and if oblong, whether they move side-foremost, or end-foremost, or obliquely; and their velocity of motion and the direction which they take in all the different seasons of the year; the course that the wind blows in, and beyond the borders of the storm; the fluctuations of the barometer and change of temperature which generally accompany storms, and the extent to which their influence is felt beyond their borders.

Now, as many of these particulars can be observed as well without meteorological instruments as with them, it is manifest that all who will send me a faithful account of

the winds and weather will essentially contribute to the great end in view. Editors of papers, too, who notice great storms, may be of much service by mentioning the time of greatest violence, and the direction of the wind and time of change, and sending a paper containing the account to the Surgeon General's Office, Washington City, with the word "Meteorology" marked on the corner of the envelope. All papers and journals thus directed will come to my hands, as I am now attached to that bureau; and, after being carefully collated with each other, will be deposited in the archives of that office, to aid the future meteorologist in developing laws which the present state of the science may not enable us to detect. Let none think their mite too insignificant to be thrown into this common treasury.

I am authorized by the Secretary of State to request all our Ministers, Consuls, and other Diplomatic and Commercial Agents of the United States in foreign countries, to whom the 'form' is sent, to transmit to the Department of State the journals which they may keep or procure for others, that they may be immediately placed in my hands. All masters of vessels sailing in the Atlantic, or Gulf of Mexico, are requested to send a copy of their 'logs' to the Surgeon General's Office immediately on their landing at any port in the United States.

If the chain of simultaneous observations could thus be kept unbroken entirely across the Atlantic, the value of the whole system would be much increased.

Journals, according to the adopted plan, will be kept at all the military stations of the United States; and the Secretary of the Navy has given orders for the same to be done at the naval stations, and in ships of war on our coast. Forms also will be sent to all the light-houses and floating-lights, and many of them will at least keep journals of the wind and weather. Governor Reid, of Bermuda, has promised to send me journals from that island, and I have the promise of various journals from Canada, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia.

There are many of the colleges of the United States from whom I have not yet had such promise; but I now appeal to them all, with confidence, to unite in their efforts to perfect this most interesting science.

There are one hundred and three colleges in these United States, and very many high schools; and, as it is known that barometric fluctuations accompany storms, it is manifest that the direction in which storms move, and their velocity, may be ascertained by observations made on the barometer alone, at these various institutions.

The number of observations cannot be too great. JAMES P. ESPY.
SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, December 6, 1842.

CONVENT AT CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—We learn from the Boston papers that the Massachusetts House of Representatives, by a vote of 204 to 73, determined to take no action on the matter of the destruction of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown. This is as it should be. There is no propriety in indemnifying Catholics for loss of property by mobs, while no such indemnity is granted to protestants in similar circumstances. In our opinion, there ought to be a general law, by every State, assessing the damage done by mobs to the counties in which such outbreaks occur. Such is the case, we believe, in Pennsylvania. But to grant to one religious denomination, rights or privileges which are denied to all others, is entirely repugnant to the spirit of our institutions.—*Jour. Com.*

DISGRACEFUL. A most disgraceful scene happened in the Pennsylvania Legislature a week ago. It was between a locofoco member and a locofoco editor. The said Editor had printed something which stuck in the nostrils of the honorable member, and upon the appearance of the editor at the door of the Hall on Monday morning, the member named McGowan, went to him and asked if he was the author of the offensive paragraph. He replied that he was; whereupon McGowan raised a chair and struck the editor, who then pushed him off, and was rather getting the better of his antagonist, when the latter drew a dirk knife and thrust a blow at him. The editor then ran behind the Speaker's chair, and was pursued by McGowan, and the knife was thrust into his back, but as it struck the shoulder blade, and was bent, the blow did not prove fatal. The confusion was great. The member in half an hour was arrested upon a warrant, charged with an assault with intent to kill. It was a sort of Tom Benton and Gen. Jackson Nashville affair.—*Calcedonian.*

BENEFIT OF OUR MANUFACTURERS TO THE FARMER.—The Rochester Democrat states that the manufacturers of New England last year used over two hundred thousand barrels of flour, in making starch and sizing for their goods,—being a larger quantity of flour than was exported to England in the same time. The manufacturers of the single State of Massachusetts, during the same time, consumed more Western flour than was exported to all foreign countries! Is it not clearly the interest of the farmers of the West to foster manufacturers?

CASES OF SEDUCTION.—Circuit Court.—More than usual interest has been felt in the proceedings of this court, during the past two days, in consequence of the nature of the suits up for investigation. That of *Briggs vs. Andrews* was an action brought to recover damages for the seduction of his daughter. Verdict \$300 for plaintiff. The parties reside in the adjoining town of Hamburg. Another suit was that of *Enders vs. Searley*, being an action for breach of marriage promise. Verdict \$1,000. The same parties were engaged in a second suit, brought by the plaintiff to recover damages for the seduction of his daughter. The verdict rendered by the jury in this case was exemplary, being \$4,000 damages. The parties reside in the town of Amherst. The defendant made no defence,

but submitted the case without remark. M. FILLMORE, Esq., who was retained as associate counsel with H. K. SMITH, Esq., for the plaintiffs, addressed the jury at the closing up of the trial with great effect.

DR. FRANKLIN'S OPINION OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

In a late number of Albany Argus we find the following communication:

Messrs Editors—Many of the present day pride themselves as living in an age noted for its remarkable improvement in the arts and sciences, or, "an age of discovery;" and in support of this opinion will bring to your notice that important and valuable science of Animal Magnetism, so called by its believers, while they do not know, or forget, that it is an old humbug of former generations, which then sought to impose itself upon the common sense of the community, and is now revived for the special benefit of the present generation.

The following extract in reference to this great humbug of the present day, and which will probably explain the true cause of all its effects, was conversant with Franklin, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and who for nearly forty years has been in his grave.

"The force of the imagination is capable of producing strange effects. When animal magnetism began in France, which was while Dr. Franklin was minister to that country, the wonderful accounts given of the wonderful effect it produced on the persons who were under its operation exceeded anything related in the strange accounts in the history of witchcraft. They tumbled down, fell into trances, saw wonderful sights, and went through many maneuvers, like persons supposed to be bewitched.

"The government, in order to ascertain the fact or defeat the imposture, appointed a committee of physicians, to inquire into the case, and Dr. Franklin was requested to accompany them, which he did.

"The committee went to the operator's house, and the persons on whom the operation was to be performed were assembled.—They were placed in the position in which they had been when under former operations, and blind folded. In a little time they began to show signs of agitation, and in the space of about two hours they went through all the frantic airs and performed all the wonders they had shown before; but the case was, that no operation, was performing upon them, neither was the operator, in the room, for he had been ordered by the physicians, but as the persons did not know it, they supposed him present and operating upon them. It was the effect of imagination only. Dr. Franklin in relating this account to the writer of this article, said, that he thought the government might as well have let it go on, for that as imagination sometimes produced disorders, it might also cure some."

Yours,
COMMON SENSE.

HARD TIMES IN MICHIGAN.—A letter from Royal Oak, Oakland county, Michigan, states thus: "It is the hardest time for cattle of all kinds here this winter, that I have witnessed; there is no hay in the country to be had for money or any thing else. I heard a person say this morning, (March 31) that his horses and cattle must starve, and that he took the straw out of his beds to feed his cattle. There is now about two feet of snow on the ground, and as cold as at any time in the month of January. I have also heard of some of the farmers feeding their cattle with superfine flour."

FROM TEXAS.—By the arrival of the steam packet New-York, we have received Galveston papers to the 9th ult. From former advices it appeared that Judge Robinson, one of the Texian prisoners captured by Gen. Wall, at San Antonio, had been entrusted with official proposition for an accommodation between the two countries.—By this transpired. They are as follows:—

1st. It is proposed that Texas should acknowledge the sovereignty of Mexico.
2d. A general act of amnesty to be passed for past acts in Texas.
3d. Texas to form an independent department of Mexico.
4th. Texas to be represented in the General Congress.
5th. Texas to institute, or originate all local laws, rules and regulations.
6th. No Mexican troops, under any pretence whatever, to be stationed in Texas.
The Civilian, which publishes the foregoing propositions, speaks them in a decided favorable manner, and demands for them a serious and respectful consideration. It is understood that Santa Ana is willing to concede every thing to Texas, except the name of sovereignty. He is convinced of the utter impossibility of reconquering the country, and is anxious to make terms while he can do so with honor.

WABASH AND ERIC CANAL.—The Wabash and Erie Canal is now completed from Lake Erie to La Fayette, a point on the Wabash to which steamboats ascend from the Ohio river. As boats cannot, however, ascend to La Fayette except in comparatively high water, the canal is to be continued down the Wabash 81 miles to Terre Haute, where the National road crosses the river. Indeed, much is already done on the canal south of La Fayette, and it is said that it will be finished this season to Coal Creek, 45 miles beyond its present terminus. From thence to Terre Haute 36 miles, the whole work is to be let on the first Monday of next May.

A traveler wishing to go from Buffalo to St. Louis can do so by the above route in six days, after the lake and canal shall be in a navigable condition. It will require 30 hours to reach Toledo, 38 hours to reach Terre Haute, and 30 hours by stage from thence to St. Louis across the beautiful prairie of Southern Illinois, making in all 143 hours, or six days. The traveler can easily pass